

Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

1865-66

PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION, FOR THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

VOL. XXXVI. { N. E. COBLEIGH, D.D., Editor.
FRANKLIN BAND, Publishing Agent.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1865.

Terms, \$2.50, strictly in advance.
Office, No. 11 Cornhill, Boston. NO. 52.

For Zion's Herald.

A CENTENNIAL PENTECOST.

In a few days the first century of the existence of Methodism in America will be completed. We shall then lift up our grateful thanksgivings to the God of our fathers for the grace which he has bestowed upon us in making us a great people, and for the abundant blessings with which he has attended our ecclesiastical labors. We have grown from obscurity to world-wide renown, from contempt to honor, from a handful of followers to millions of them, from deep poverty to immense wealth, from uninviting prospects to a position whence we may anticipate a wide influence, a nobler success, and more solemn responsibilities than ever before waited upon the fidelity of any branch of the Christian church.

Our record of labors and achievements during these years is one of great honor. We have failed of our full duty in perhaps all things. We have not done so much to save souls from death, to enlighten the ignorant, extend the conquests of missionary zeal, train a ministry at once rich in learning and warm with piety, and to maintain the highest type of religious life, as we might by simple and full fidelity to our really sublime opportunities. We have not been so true to God and man in the great moral, social and political reforms of this century, as we could wish. Who would not rejoice to see the repetition of such manifestations of God's gracious power to save not alone in some single and peculiarly favored gathering of believers, but over the whole land, in all the congregations of our church? Shall we enthusiasts, expecting the blessing while neglecting the merit? You who say regretfully that former times were better than these, are you doing all in your power to make these the best days in the world's history? If not, your words only accuse yourselves. Let every Methodist close this year with great heart-searchings, with earnest study of the word of God, with renewed consecration of himself unto the service of Christ, with new zeal for secret, family, and public devotion, with increased prayer for the salvation of sinners. Let there be no fear of being zealous overmuch in this thing. Our danger is that we shall be zealous undermuch. Let us fast and pray, as well as sing and give thanks. Let us continue in these things, that thus we may be prepared to be in labor more abundant.

If thus we prepare the way of the Lord, may we not justly expect such a year of evangelical triumph as we have not seen since Methodism had a name on this continent? Why may we not end our first century as it began, in a blaze of gospel light? Should we thus enter upon the second century of our denominational history in America, what victories might not its close attest? We have a stronger hold-to-day upon South America, Germany, Scandinavia, Bulgaria, Africa, India, China, and the Isles of the sea than we had one hundred years ago upon North America. May we not then anticipate that a century hence our sons in the gospel shall record such progress in recovering the world to Christ, as the world has never before witnessed? Let us do our part that their time of rejoicing may be.

"Like another morn
Risen on mid-noon."

P.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

To-night we gather round the heart,
While now the Christmas time is near,
The time we keep with song and mirth,
With noisy games and festive cheer.

Now comes the winter's cold and drear,
With rapid changes, through a year
Of shifting light and shade, since last
We kept our merry Christmas here.

Then war's fierce clarion sounded loud,
And faces that we see to-day,
O'er which the winter's cloud,
Sweeps like the earth's bird-light.

And others, whom no more we see,
Lie silent in Death's dreamless sleep,
Nor shocks of ages yet to come;
Shall vex their slumber long and deep.

What tears for them? let sorrow cease
For those who know not grief or care;
There's a deeper love, a nobler care,
Than that the earth's bird-light.

Long ages since the dawn of day,
Gilding the edges of the morn,
Looked in athwart the gloom, where lay
The Christ-child of the Virgin born,

And high o'er Bethlehem's halls and towers,
Through the vast wastes of night,
Crowned the dark and silent hours.
One pale star shone with mystic light.

O happy morn, whose dawning gave
Hope to a lost and sinful race!
Thy influence reaches past the grave,
On through remotest time and space!

Yours, etc., JOHN H. CALDWELL.

the Spirit gave them utterance." Compare with this account Wesley's record of a memorable scene of early Methodism. "About three in the morning, as they were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon them, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as they had recovered a little from the awe and amazement which the presence of the Divine Majesty had inspired, they broke out with one voice, We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." Allowing for the difference in the circumstances and mission of the participants in these two memorable scenes, they manifestly possess a strong likeness.

It is the renewal of such events in our whole connection that we should most earnestly covet as the best assurance of full success in our work of saving souls. Upon each of these wonderful displays of divine grace, followed a revival of religion ever memorable in the history of the church.

Who would not rejoice to see the repetition of such

ministers and church members for the last four or five years—the excitement incident to the agitations and alarms of war; to bereavement, desolation, distress and calamity; to the present chaotic state of our civil relations; to laxity of discipline and ministerial unfaithfulness. But the question, "Whence all these things?"—the war, the bloodshed, the loss of kindred, the devastations of hostile armies—came not once into view throughout the sermon. Here was the grand defect in this otherwise masterly discourse. The salient features of the war, the awful lessons which the wonderful providence of God seems to impress upon the whole Christian world, the grand ultimate fact of the four years' war, and the thirty years struggle between the slave power and the free states which had preceded it—all were completely ignored. Much less was there any allusion to the course pursued by the Methodists of the South in regard to that ecclesiastical and political secession which they had adopted such a conspicuous part.

Did ever a messenger from heaven have a more favorable opportunity, a more fitting occasion, a more appropriate text to impress his auditory with the teachings of an all-wise Providence, as they have been unfolded by a series of the most remarkable events in the history of our fallen world? Why this utter silence then in regard to this graves of all subjects to the people of this Southern clime? Alas! Mr. Editor, the fact stands out in a thousand mournful indications that the South is not prepared to listen to such teaching from the pulpit. Even this eloquent and popular divine could not, does not, venture upon that line of argument. To have done so would have been to dung the lustre of his reputation, obscure his popularity, and perhaps for some years interfere with his usefulness. Had he attempted to maintain the propositions enumerated in the sermons delivered in this place, which you consider as having far short of the true Biblical and Methodist standard on the subject of slavery—he had said as substantially stated in these sermons—*Slavery made secession, (in Church and State,) secession made the war, the war has destroyed slavery, and herein we discover the will of God*—had he said this, I repeat, half the pulpits in the South would be closed against him even now. Yet, *Mirabile dictu!* there is not a preacher in the Georgia Conference but there is not every word contained in these sermons. The very man who offered resolutions in that Conference to condemn these sermons, and censure the author for preaching them, came to me afterwards, and whispered, "I agree with you!" His eyes fell to the ground instantly as I replied, looking him steadily in the face, "Bro. B., you wrote Dr. C. of New York a letter?" The brother who offered the substitute for Mr. B.'s resolutions, which substitute was adopted by the Conference, heard the sermons read shortly after they were preached in Newman, and *opposed every point they touched on the abuses of slavery*. Does Bishop Pierce believe that slavery has been abused? He does. Does he believe that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has failed in her high mission of teaching both masters and slaves their whole duty? I doubt not he does. Why then does he not preach what he believes? why do not others who say they believe all this, preach it?

I leave this question to be answered by me in a future communication. There are several points in the reports of Committees on the state of the church, and on the relations of the colored people to the M. E. Church, South, about which I propose to write hereafter. But before I close this, I wish to say that Bishop P.'s course toward me personally, was so kind, lenient and fraternal, that I shall never cease to remember him with a grateful heart. So were the brethren generally kind, and I still love them all as tenderly and dearly as ever. But I cannot agree as to what is our present duty. I thought, therefore, it was best to part with them for a season, and throw myself into that open field which the providence of God has made so plain to my view. I therefore bade my brethren of Georgia Conference an affectionate adieu, and parted from them in peace, praying the blessing of God upon them all.

Yours, etc., JOHN H. CALDWELL.

CENTENARY HYMN FOR JANUARY 7, 1866.

A hundred years! O Lord, our King,
A century! joy the people sing,
God, gratefully! thy mingling raise
Their song of sweet triumphant praise!

How small the weeping swain,
How vast the boundless harvest grown!
From many a land, o'er many a sea,
Tongues, races ransomed shout to thee!

Hosanna! Let the anthem roll
From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
The old, the young, the wise, the bold,
From all the world, through all the skies!

Free Grace, the New Birth, Perfect Love,
The Spirit's witness from above,
The faith whose seal sets realms afame,
For thee, O Lord, we bless thy name!

Descend and breathe, O Holy Ghost,
On our cities, through every street,
Th' bright Immortal! Come unfurled,
They hear thy gospel round the world!

George Lansing Taylor, in Ch. Adv. and Journal.

For Zion's Herald.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

It is just five years, this present month, since South Carolina declared the American Union dissolved. Just five years ago the first star shot from our national constellation, and the cry rang through the land, crossed the seas, and echoed from London to Pekin, that the great American Union, the mortal dread of tyrants, and the home and hope of the oppressed of all lands, was shattered into fragments that could never be united. There were sheets of exultation, shouts of derisive laughter that echoed from palace to palace, from cabinet to cabinet throughout the old world despots, while a wail of anguish moaned through the masses of despairing millions, who saw their last hope go out in darkness.

What an ocean of fear, doubt and despair seethed around us in that dreadful winter of 1860 and 1861. Chaos seemed come again. A bottomless chasm was yawning at our very feet that seemed the nation's grave. No statesman's foresight could bridge or see across the awfully gulf. All knees grew weak; all hearts became as water; all men looked into each other's faces with the irresolution, the sickly faintness of despair. How well do we now remember our heart-breaking anxiety as we saw our enemy so calmly and systematically developing his plans, taking fort after fort, arsenal after arsenal, swallowing up State after State, while we could only stand helplessly looking on through blinding tears, as from fortress after fortress our flag went fluttering down into the mire. The ship of state rolled like a log upon the waters; men stood here and there along the decks, stupefied in their despair, waiting for the inevitable plunge. There was no voice to rally them, for no pilot trod the deck.

Then came the flash from the shattered wall of Sumter, and the shot that made the nation leap from its lethargy as at a resurrection blast. How well do we recall the instant that that trumpet call first smote our ear. It was a Sabbath morning, and I stepped out upon the sidewalk to start for church, when I heard a newsboy's call. Strange sound was that shout in a Boston street, on a Sabbath morning five years ago. I turned a corner and a boy came running up with a paper in his hand and shouted, "Fort Sumter has fallen." At the words my heart fell like lead, but in an instant it rose again, and beat with a throb that I never expected to feel in the flesh. That instant I felt my nerves harden into steel, and my blood flash into flame. So sunk, so rose the national heart that Sabbath morning. Then John Brown's soul went "marching on," and waves of flashing steel went billowing forward to the national capital. Only five years ago, but as we look back it seems five generations. The work of more than five generations has been accomplished.

How many times during these five years have we swayed between the loftiest heights of exaltation and the lowest depths of despondency. With what triumphant expectations we watched that proud and exultant host as it first crossed the Po-

tem and swept "forward to Richmond." And with what sickening fears did we see them, a swarm of scattered stragglers, streaming across the fields of Virginia back to their fortifications. Our hearts melted like water as we saw the monster Merrimac come forth and cripple and defy our proudest fleet, flinging down the gauntlet before our stoutest fortress; and then we bent in tearful gratitude as the little Monitor dropped down upon the scene as from heaven. We shouted after the columns of McClellan as they thundered up the Peninsula, while the gunboats screamed along his flank; we gazed with speechless anxiety as they paused in the swamps of the horrible Chickahominy; we watched them with despairing eyes as they disappeared in the White Oak Swamp, and thanked God again as we saw the resolute emerge on the bank of the James. We heard Sherman's last good night with palpitating hearts as he was fanned down the plains of Georgia, but how steeple shouted to steeple, and cannon roared to cannon as he appeared triumphantly at Savannah. And when, when we thought our saddest hours all passed, and that nothing was left for us but rejoicing and praise, when we exulted over the last fort fallen, the last flag strung, and dreamed not that it was possible to mar our great and overwhelming joy, how well again, one dreadful morning, to the lowest depths of sadness. Just at the instant of victory the standard bearer fell.

Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God belongs this great glory. Let us thank God for these victories; they are his. The firmness, perseverance, courage of our soldiers have been wonderful. The soul of every Southern State has been fanned with their blood. Virginia is a vast cemetery of our dead, and that nothing was left for us but rejoicing and praise. We have crossed the crimson sea? Shall nothing but the stripes remain upon our flag for those whose chain

was broken? Let us thank God for this!

Can we deny to those who bleed
For me in Freedom's sacred cause,
That we are the true sons of men,
The right that man inherits?

From God, who gives equal laws to all?

Another might be tempted to do the same. Then let no rumor from without penetrate our kingdom.

And all answered, "It is true. Let no rumor from without penetrate our kingdoms."

And the fourth said: "We have our interests and the people have theirs, which are directly opposed to ours. If they unite to defend these interests against us, how shall we ever power them? Let us make divisions that we may reign securely. Let us create in every province, in every city, in every hamlet, an interest opposed to that of other hamlets, other cities and other provinces. In this way all will hate each other, and they will not dream of joining against us."

And all replied, "It is true. Let us divide that we may reign securely. Unite will you run?"

The fifth having twice filled the human skull with blood and emptied it said: "I approve all the measures."

The sixth: "I approve all the measures."

The seventh: "I approve all the measures."

The eighth: "I approve all the measures."

The ninth: "I approve all the measures."

The tenth: "I approve all the measures."

The eleventh: "I approve all the measures."

The twelfth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirteenth: "I approve all the measures."

The fourteenth: "I approve all the measures."

The fifteenth: "I approve all the measures."

The sixteenth: "I approve all the measures."

The seventeenth: "I approve all the measures."

The eighteenth: "I approve all the measures."

The nineteenth: "I approve all the measures."

The twentieth: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-first: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-second: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-third: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-fourth: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-fifth: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-sixth: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-seventh: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-eighth: "I approve all the measures."

The twenty-ninth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirtieth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-first: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-second: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-third: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-fourth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-fifth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-sixth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-seventh: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-eighth: "I approve all the measures."

The thirty-ninth: "I approve all the measures."

The fortieth: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-first: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-second: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-third: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-fourth: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-fifth: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-sixth: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-seventh: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-eighth: "I approve all the measures."

The forty-ninth: "I approve all the measures."

The fifty: "I approve all the measures."

The fifty-one: "I approve all the measures."

The fifty-two: "I approve all the measures."

The fifty-three: "I approve all the measures."

The fifty-four: "I approve all the measures."

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ing to their individual notions. Everywhere Gen. Howard, the able head of the Bureau, has made friends by the just and frank publications and advice he gave. His complaint in South Carolina was that when he left things went on as before. Many, perhaps a majority of the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, advised him to leave his own country to do duty, and expect to live. To this end they endeavored to secure employment for them and to see that both of the contracting parties complied with their engagements. In some cases, and sorry to say, the freedmen did not seem to be fit to live without care or provision for the future. The effect of this was that the distribution of the lands is idlemost and occupies no camp to town. In such cases I think it will be found that vice and disease will tend to the extermination or great destruction of that colored race. It cannot be expected that they will be here and there the freedmen require for a few years not only laws to protect them, but the fostering care of those who will give them good counsel and on whom they can rely.

The Freedmen's Bureau being separated from the military establishment of the country requires all the expense of a separate organization. One does not necessarily know whether the other is, and what others they are acting under. It seems to me this could be corrected by regarding every officer with the troops in the Southern States as agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and then have all officers of the rest of the Bureau report through the Department commanders. This would create a responsibility that would beget uniformity of action throughout the South and would ensure the orders and instructions from the head of the Bureau to be carried out, and would relieve from duty and pay a large number of the employees of the government.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT, Lieut. General.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

Congressional.

Senate.—On the 16th inst. a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the manner by which American vessels were transferred during the war to British owners, and how now being furnished with American regulations. A resolution was introduced by the House of Representatives on Monday, Feb. 13, and hour an address upon the life, services and character of the late President Abraham Lincoln, and that the President, heads of Departments, representatives of foreign governments, and officers of the Army and Navy be invited to be present.

All were Rebels.—In response to the Senate inquiry, the Secretary of the Treasury replied that he had in some instances employed persons who could not take the test oath because he could find no others, in those cases, to fill customs and revenue offices in the lately insubordinate States, unless he inflicted the unnecessary humiliation of applying Northern men to collect taxes of Southern people. He however, though that nearly all his appointees were either loyal throughout the rebellion, or else joined it not until the United States ceased to protect them.

Gen. Howard's Report.—The operations of the Freedmen's Bureau shows that one great obstacle to the white-washing measure of Franklin Pierce in relation to the Kansas atrocities. Mr. Dixon and Dr. Goodell interpreted the term "white-washing" as implying a want of truth and patriotism on the part of the President, and thought Mr. Sumner ought to retract. Mr. Sumner refused to accept the gentlemen's definitions, and said he had nothing to retract. He had no reflections to make on the patriotism or truthfulness of the President, and had never made any in public or private.

On the 20th inst. a bill for the payment of \$25,000 to the widow of President Lincoln was passed. A bill was reported removing the distinctions of color from the elective franchise in the District of Columbia. A bill to maintain the freedom of inhabitants of the States lately in rebellion was discussed.

Southern Matters.—A Northern man who has been in the lumber business several years in the vicinity of Altamont, Ga., says the country is bare of provisions, and the people are in a wretched condition. Crimes abound. An organization of "Regulators" undertakes to summarily punish offenders, especially negroes. The regulators harass those who pay the negroes wages. "Even men who have served in the rebel ranks are not safe in recognizing the right of the negro to a pecuniary compensation, and many have been forced to leave because they have employed and paid them." Under these circumstances negro labor is not reliable.

Gen. Saxon, Commissioner of South Carolina, reports that hostility to the government is daily disappearing. The colored people, as a class, are represented as having been industrious and enterprising.

The Mississippi Legislature recently passed a law prohibiting freedmen from renting or leasing lands. The President immediately ordered the Freedmen's Bureau to protect the colored people in disregarding this law. The Raleigh Progress says that some members of the North Carolina Legislature stated the other day that "they did not intend to pass any law relative to the freedmen until after they got back into the Union, and then they could pass such as they pleased."

Political.—Secretary Seward has declared the States of Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, constitutionally reorganized, and has relieved the Provisional Governors and delivered the government into the hands of the governors elect.

The Kentucky House has passed a bill removing all disabilities from those lately engaged in treason, and repealing the act to provide a civil protection for injuries done by disloyal persons, not however, to affect pending action.

The Legislature of California has elected Hon. Cornelius Cole, United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March, 1867, when the term of the Hon. John A. McDowell will expire. Mr. Cole is an earnest Republican.

Gov. Worth of North Carolina, in his inaugural address said: "I am sure that the great body of our people desire that national unity shall be restored. Such I am assured and believe, is the general feeling among those lately called our foes. Such is peculiarly the case among the brave men who perished their lives in the respective armies."

The Legislature of Georgia, has passed a bill regulating the reception of testimony of freedmen. It makes free persons of color competent witnesses in civil cases where the officer is against the property or the person of the freedman; it also provides where the freedman is plaintiff and defendant they may make and file any affidavit now allowed to citizens, which shall have the same force as if they were whites.

Foreign Miscellany.—It is stated that the Imperial troops in Mexico are gradually approaching Vera Cruz with a view to embrace for France.

The latest South American news says that the allied troops were still being pushed forward after the retreating Paraguayans.

The Chilian have engaged in the war against Spain with all their hearts. It is predicted that the house, whatever theories there may be as to the status of the lately rebel States, there must now be new guarantees for national freedom and safety.

Domestic.—It is estimated that the Fenian leaders have received not far from \$5,000,000.

The government lost over \$1,000,000 at Salt Lake City in an incendiary fire.

The workmen in a Spanish silver mine, recently found themselves in an ancient mine when they discovered a thorough and scientific system of mining. The well preserved instruments were pronounced of the Cartaginian or Phoenician make. The hatchets, sieves for ore, but particularly a smelting furnace and two anvils, excite the interest of engineers in the highest degree.

The Estafeta, a French paper published in Mexico, says that recently one thousand Zouaves of the 1st Battalion reinforce Marshal Bazaine, landed at Martigues and were revolted with cries of "Death to the Emperor," "Vive la République," etc. The garrison was called out to reduce them to order, and quiet those demonstrations of hostility to the Emperor.

It is stated that some time ago Napoleon informed President Johnson that he would remove the French troops from Mexico in a little while, and asked the President to say nothing in his annual message that would make the withdrawal humiliating.

The American Union Commission and the American Freedmen's Commission were recently made one in New York. Bishop Simpson is President, Dr.

Thompson Vice President, and J. R. Shepherd and M. Abbott, Secretaries, of the new organization.

Col. Goode has become Sir Samuel H. Goode with an annual income of £3,000 per year, by the death of his cousin. Col. Goode was superseded in the command of the 21st Illinois Regiment, by Colonel, now Lieut. General, Grant.

Ex-Governor and ex-Senator Allen of Rhode Island, died on the 16th inst. aged 80 years. He was one of the foremost cotton manufacturers in Rhode Island, having commenced during the war of 1812. He possessed great mechanical genius, and constructed the first steam engine built in Providence on the improved Watt & Boulton plan.

Lieut. Commander Thomas P. Ives, of Providence, R. I., died at Havre, France, Nov. 17th, aged 31 years. When the rebellion broke out he patricially tendered the services of himself and his yacht to the government. He served in the navy during the war. He was a trustee of Brown University, of which he was a graduate. A month before he died he was married to a daughter of J. Philip Motley, the historian.

Hon. Thomas Corwin died at Washington, on the 1st inst. He was born in Kentucky in 1794, and brought up from four years of age in Ohio. Although he grew up without any great culture of the intellect, yet, among other offices, he has filled those of Governor of Ohio, United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and lastly Minister to Mexico, where he remained until the accession of Maximilian. He was a Whig until he became a Republican.

Slavery in Mexico.—Secretary Seward has replied to the House resolution concerning slavery or peonage in Mexico. Attorney General Speed says that Maximilian's decree of last September certainly makes slaves of all colored people upon whom it operates. Secretary Seward wrote to Minister Bigelow, on the 10th ult., instructing him to lay Mr. Speed's opinion before the French Government, and ask their consideration of the subject. M. Durieu de L'Hyus has not yet replied.

All were Rebels.—In response to the Senate inquiry, the Secretary of the Treasury replied that he had in some instances employed persons who could not take the test oath because he could find no others, in those cases, to fill customs and revenue offices in the lately insubordinate States, unless he inflicted the unnecessary humiliation of applying Northern men to collect taxes of Southern people. He however, though that nearly all his appointees were either loyal throughout the rebellion, or else joined it not until the United States ceased to protect them.

The taste for the connected, organ style of music, has so far as I am aware, been adopted by nearly all the organists, excepted, the organists in an act of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, entitled "An Act to incorporate the Trustees of the Boston Organ Society." Boston, April 21, 1865.

NEW LONDON DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—Rev. F. J. Wagner, Wm. H. Stetson, Essays: "Divine Benevolence"; W. C. Way, "What is the Standard of Orthodoxy?"—A. Morris, "Human Depravity"; E. F. Clark, "S. C. Sanford, "Meeting—Speeches"; H. Parsons, N. Goodrich, "History of the M. E. Church at Stamford Springs"; T. Benson, "Next meeting to be held at Stamford Springs, Jan. 23d. James A. Dean, Secretary.

BUSINESS LETTERING COMPETITION.—Dec. 23.

D. Atkins—S. Allen, we do allow it—N. Andrew—H. M. Atwater—A Friend to the Needy (yes)—S. A. P. Alken—G. H. Hick—N. Booth—E. Bradburn—C. Bullard—S. Betts—

—F. C. Burleigh—J. C. Cullinan—W. D. Durfee—

J. C. Cullinan—W. D. Durfee—

—F. C. Burleigh—J. C. Cullinan—W. D. Durfee—

Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.
CLOSING THE YEAR.
Speak softly! let no words of idle feeling
Find entrance here;
With bowed and reverent faces watch we, kneeling,
The dying year.

With solemn thought, in prayerful retrospective
Our spirits bow;
Thou see'st our hearts, O Lord, give right direction,
Give wisdom now!

Help us review the past; we would not cover
Its sin or shame;
But in thy searching light would we discover
Its praise or blame.

Its praise! O heart of mine! for what well-doing
Cometh such grace?

Where, for thyself, doth my most careful viewing
Find this a peace?

How much of selfish thought, of selfish feeling,
Had'st thou within?

How oft did even this best, this present dealing,
Inself beh?

How oft hast thou withheld the word of kindness?
How failed in giving

The loving help that would have drawn from blind-
ness, Into right living?

How often falsh the straight path to discover?
How often tamed?

They feet wide, though still God's pure light over
They way hath burned?

O trembling heart! thy record shows but poorly,
Blotted and dim;

No page of thine canst thou bring sweet and purely,
To offer Him.

What witt thou say, O heart, beneath his scanning?
Thou cannotst mean

By any work of thine, by thy poor planning,
To make these clean?

How witt thou answer him while thus He turneth
This book of thine?

How witt thou stand while His pure sight discern-
eth Each page, each line?

"Even now, O questioner, this poor heart turneth
Itself to Him!

To show him all this record now it yearneth,
Though blotted—dim.

"Withholding not one line, in all completeness,
Trusting His grace,

I lay these pages down beneath the sweetness
Of His dear face.

"Needing no weary work, no pitiless planning,
I stand and see

These poor, blighted pages glow beneath His scan-
ning, From darkness free!

"I feel the light grow clear and sweet around me,
Sweet peace within;

No longer comes with power to crush and wound
me,

Thoughts of my sin.

"For O, the blood that steareth, ever flowing,
Avails for me!

I give my all to Him, thus sweetly knowing
He maketh free!"

In Jesus resting, finding both sweetest,
We close this year;

Our grateful hearts rise glad in his completeness,
Filled with sweet cheer.

Unto him looking, thus will catch to-morrow
Grow fair and clear;

And we shall greet with gladness, not with sorrow,

The untried year!

Chelsea, Mass.

EFFIE.

Literary Notices.

PATRIOT BOYS AND PRISON PICTURES. By Edmund Kirke. 16mo., pp. 306. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

No man can tell a story in a more lifelike and interesting manner than the author of this volume, in which he describes a New Hampshire boy, an Illinois boy, an Ohio boy, and a Virginia boy, and several Southern prisoners, Jeff Davis among the rest. The book is extensively illustrated.

WINNING HIS WAY. By Charles Carleton Coffin, another beautiful book to delight the young reader, from Ticknor & Fields. For beauty, fullness and accuracy of description as a writer, "Carleton" is unsurpassed by his contemporaries.

HEReward, The Last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, comes from Ticknor & Fields, just in season for the new year. It is a 12mo. of 387 pages. The author is too well known to need commendation.

THE YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION. By Rev. Wm. T. Thayer; bringing down the history to the Massacre at Fort Pillow, is just received from Walker, Fuller & Co. This is the third volume, and will be followed in a few days by the fourth and concluding volume. Mr. Thayer has made an excellent history, and written it in a style to charm, while it instructs and profits the youthful reader. It should be extensively read.

WORK AND WIN. Is the title of another volume, 16mo., pp. 288. By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, of this city, are the publishers. It is a story for young people about "Noddy Newman on a Cruise."

The following works from the enterprising house of Hurd & Houghton, of New York, have on them the beautiful finish of the Riverside Press, and bidding to correspond:

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY; a Record of the Lives of Eminent Persons, by Prof. Godwin. A new edition, with a Supplement brought down to the present time, by George Sheppard. 12mo., pp. 980. This is a book that every literary person needs, and it is compact, as it should be. Exact information as can be given of distinguished characters of ancient and modern times is here presented, the wheat without the chaff.

THE DUTCH PILGRIM FATHERS, and Other Original Poems, Humorous and not Humorous, by Edward Hopper; a charming little volume, furnishing a great variety of reading done up in peculiar poetry and verse.

PICCOLA, by X. B. Saintine, appears in a new edition, revised by the author, with illustrations by Leopold Flameng. The type, tinted paper, and interesting contents, make this also a charming book. The same is true of

CHASELARD, a Tragedy, by Alphonse Charles Swinburne. E. Duton & Co., Boston, keep all of Hurd & Houghton's publications on sale.

DANE VANE, is the title of a story of Plebeians and Patriarchs, told by Henry W. Hilliard. Two volumes in 12mo., pp. 552, and published by Hildon & Co., New York.

WINEFRED BERTHET and the World She Lived In, is the title of a 12mo. pp. 479, by the very popular author of the Schubert-Cotta Family. M. W. Dodd, New York, publisher; for sale by Graves & Young, Boston. We have room only for a brief notice of this excellent book, which possesses the same characteristics of genius and style which have pleased and profited many readers in her previous works.

THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS. Leaves from a very old book, is a volume dedicated to the children, by the author of the Schubert-Cotta Family. M. W. Dodd, New York; Graves & Young, Boston. It is a pretty book, and will please the little ones for whom it has been prepared.

ESSAYS ON THE SUPERHUMAN ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY. By George P. Fisher, M.A., Professor of Church History in Yale College. 1 vol. Sov.; pp. 588. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., Boston; Lee & Shepard.

This is a work for the times, prepared by an able

ZION'S HERALD AND**WESLEYAN JOURNAL, DECEMBER 27, 1865.****HONORING GOD.**

writer and scholar with special reference to the theories of Strauss, Renan, and the Tübingen School of Rationalists. Portions of the book have appeared in some of the Theological Reviews, but they have been re-written or revised, and all the suggestions made by critics carefully considered. The modesty of the author has led him to put this forth as a volume of "Essays," rather than as a treatise. The number of Essays is thirteen, and they will be found by the theological and philosophical student able and interesting.

Children.**A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

To you, dear children, the Editor sends greeting, and wishes you all a happy New Year. Being for the next number of the *Herald* reaches you, the old year, 1865, will have died and been buried in the grave of the past, and the fresh year, 1866, all bright with hopes and promises will have been installed on the throne of Father Time. How lively the little boys and girls will be next Monday morning, as bright and early they wake and rise from their warm beds, to greet papa, mamma, sisters and brothers, and other loving friends, with "Wish you happy New Year!" How many of you will try to get the start of the others, and say it first! The Editor gets the start of all of you and says it first. "Wish you a happy New Year!" That means all the children especially that love to read *Zion's Herald*. We hope it will be the best year of your life thus far, but that great many better and happier ones will come after it.

That it may be a happy year, listen to us a moment: All true happiness arises from goodness. If you would be happy, then you must be good. You must repent of your sins, all your naughty deeds and ways, and forsake them; give your little hearts to the Saviour, love and serve him, and then you will be happy; then 1866 will be a happy New Year indeed. God cannot make a wicked child happy. Outward things cannot do it for a moment or two. The way of such a child is dark, his path is rough, thorny and full of disappointments. As we know you cannot have a happy New Year unless you are good, we hope you will all try to see how good children you can be. Obey your parents, be gentle and loving to your brothers and sisters, kind to all, keep the Sabbath day holy, tell always the truth, never swear nor deceive. Be prayerful and pious, then you will be truly noble and happy.

One thing more children, not only good yourselves, but try to influence other children to be good that they may be happy also. Never forget, that to be happy one must be good. Again in closing we wish you all a happy New Year.

For Zion's Herald.

DON'T DRIVE IT AWAY.

The happy noisy boys of a large Academy had been dismissed for their vacation, and the great assembly room was left silent and vacant. One pane of glass was broken out from the upper part of a high window, near the ceiling, and it being warm weather, and near the eaves of the building, it had not attracted attention, and remained through the vacation unperceived. A little bird and its mate, looking around for a quiet place for a nest, while chattering together upon the branches of an adjoining tree, espied this opening into the school-room. They hopped upon the sash and stretched their little necks to take a full survey of the room within. There was no one to be seen—the great room was as quiet as if a boy's tread or shout had never been heard within its walls. Into the building they flew upon a tour of exploration. Nothing could be heard for their purpose. Here they might build a nest which would be undisturbed and sheltered from all storms. High up in one corner upon the projecting top of a pillar they determined at last to place it. Hither they brought small twigs, wisps of hay, pieces of cotton, little odds of wool which the bushes had torn for them from the sheep, with clay to fasten, and in a wonderful manner, as no boy could do it, had built a strong nest, as round as an apple and as soft on the inside as the little creatures that were soon to inhabit it.

Here in this nest two little eggs were laid, and just as the vacation ended two little birds not much larger than a thimble were safely nestled under their mother's breast. The father-bird was busily engaged in finding worms and bringing them to his little family in the nest, when what must have been their consternation to hear the roaring shouts of the boys as they welcome each other back to school again! The door of the school-room was thrown open; heavy feet resounded along the aisles between the seats, and such hurrahs came echoing up to the ceiling as schoolboys only can pour forth. The poor birds were well nigh beside themselves with terror. One hovered over the nest, and the other flew in and out of the window as if looking in every direction to see what course could be taken in such an unexpected and dreadful condition of affairs. It was not long before their fluttering caught the attention of one of the little fellows below. Here was a rich discovery. "Here's a prize, boys!" shouted. "You've got into the wrong pew, my little fellow!"

He was just pulling off his cap to throw it at the nest, when the teacher fortunately entered the room. It seems to me the very sublimity of innocence that these birds were laid, and just as the vacation ended two little birds not much larger than a thimble were safely nestled under their mother's breast. The father-bird was busily engaged in finding worms and bringing them to his little family in the nest, when what must have been their consternation to hear the roaring shouts of the boys as they welcome each other back to school again! The door of the school-room was thrown open; heavy feet resounded along the aisles between the seats, and such hurrahs came echoing up to the ceiling as schoolboys only can pour forth. The poor birds were well nigh beside themselves with terror. One hovered over the nest, and the other flew in and out of the window as if looking in every direction to see what course could be taken in such an unexpected and dreadful condition of affairs. It was not long before their fluttering caught the attention of one of the little fellows below. Here was a rich discovery. "Here's a prize, boys!" shouted. "You've got into the wrong pew, my little fellow!"

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